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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

TO ANYONE

Whether the time be slow or fast,
Enemies, hand in hand,
Must come together at the last
And understand.

No matter how the die is cast
Nor who may seem to win,
You know that you must love at last—
Why not begin?

—*Witter Bynner*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 83
Patriotism and Responsibility for the War.—Francis Neilson 85

THE PULPIT—
Does God Know His Own Mind? John Haynes Holmes 87

CONTRIBUTED—
Morality and War.—Henry W. Pinkham..... 93
Without Ceasing.—Arthur L. Weatherly..... 94
Fable.—James Waldo Fawcett..... 94

POETRY—
To Anyone.—*Witter Bynner*..... 81
Two Sonnets:
1. The Paisley Shawl.
2. Hands.—*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson*..... 87
Bread and Roses.—*Louis Untermeyer*..... 94

THE FIELD—
Philippine Independence 95
Co-operative Building.—*Scott Nearing*..... 95
Chicago Woman's Peace Party..... 95

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXV THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1920 NUMBER 6

Every history of the Creation, and every traditionary account, whether from the lettered or unlettered world, however they may vary in their opinion or belief of certain particulars, all agree in establishing one point: the unity of man; by which I mean that men are all of one degree, and consequently, that all men are born equal, and with equal natural rights, in the same manner as if posterity had been continued by creation instead of generation, the latter being only the mode by which the former is carried forward; and consequently, every child born into the world must be considered as deriving its existence from God. The world is as new to him as it was to the first man that existed, and his natural right in it is of the same kind.

—*Thomas Paine.*

The passing of Easter has brought us hope again for mankind. For the resurrection story is rooted not merely in Nature, with summer triumphant over the dead cold days of winter, but also in the unconquerable valor of the human heart. This legend is a record alike of the outward material processes of the world, and of the inner spiritual processes of the soul. Never was humanity so ready for its recurrence as at the present moment. Behind us is the hideous crucifixion of the Great War—the nailing of organized mankind upon the cross of Cæsar. Behind us also are the death and burial of our Messiah-hopes, in the tomb dug by the Paris Conference. Now, in outward darkness and inward travail of the spirit, we wait the miracle of the resurrection—the rising of mankind, stricken and interred by tyrants of this later day, to new and more aboundant life. Man is not dead—he is arising, and soon again will claim his own!

The return of spring is a never-ceasing marvel. This year the storms of winter have been of almost unprecedented severity—for a period not of weeks but of months, the landscape has been buried in ice and snow. It would seem to be impossible that anything could live! But now, at the appointed time, the fetters are unloosed, and life appears again! This is a perpetual parable, on which to build, or by which to illustrate, our hope for man. We shall never forget the moment, for instance, when it first dawned upon our mind that the Dark Ages, so called, were a period not merely of disintegration but of incubation. While Rome was dying, the new world of modern times was being conceived and born. While darkness was over all the European earth, light was struggling to pierce the veil and thus reveal its presence. So, also, may we not believe, with this black hour of man's misery and despair!—

> Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer . . . .

Now, even now, the process of rebirth is under way. It was out of chaos that creation dawned!

These are not the only things which are thoroughly arousing the workers. Workers are being arrested on the flimsiest evidence that they are Bolshevists. The cry of Bolshevism is being used . . . to indulge in all sorts of outrages.

This is obviously a description of what has been going on here in America since the close of the war. Only it is *not!* For these sentences are taken from a special despatch from Berlin, published in the New York *Times,* telling what went on in Germany during the brief counter-revolutionary regime of Kapp and Von Luttwitz. "The Royalists and officers," says this correspondent, were the ones who raised this cry of Bolshevism, in order to discredit the workers, and thus hasten the restoration of the monarchy. All of which goes to show that reactionaries in one country are very similar in ideas and methods to reactionaries in other countries! Such a story as this out of Germany shows exactly what has been going on in these United States during the last year and a half. We have our autocrats and militarists, just as Germany has. These seek here, as they do there, the overthrow of democracy, and the establishment of supreme political and economic power in their own hands. In both places these enemies of the common weal use the same despicable devices of slandering their opponents, stirring up mob violence against them, and suppressing them by force. Every event that is transpiring these days shows that the line between democracy and autocracy, between freedom and tyranny, runs not between countries but *through* them. Our real enemies, as always, are at home.

The letters of Kate Richards O'Hare, one of the "political offenders" most unjustly imprisoned in this country, are a marvelous revelation of fortitude and courage. Addressed to her family, and copied for private distribution among certain of her friends, they are a source of unending solace and inspiration to those who are still abiding in the open air and walking unconfined the ways of daily life. Never was demonstrated more impressively than in this case the futility of force as a weapon of repression—the power of the spirit to maintain its freedom and extend its influence, beyond all capacity of chains and bars to overthrow. Mrs. O'Hare, in her earlier days, was an inconspicuous worker among the radicals of this country, known only to a little circle of friends and

comrades. Today, locked behind the iron doors of the federal prison at Jefferson City, Missouri, she is a world-figure—a center of light and leading to which millions of ardent souls are flocking. Her name is known and hailed in all countries as a symbol of martyrdom, a slogan of revolt.

"I smile to think," she writes, in giving thanks for books and letters sent to her, "how futile and stupid it is that officialdom should deem it possible to 'punish' me, or to make me less 'dangerous' to their interests. I am not being 'punished'; I am being educated—I am not being made 'safe'; I am being made powerful. The whole world is coming to my cell—the artist, the musician, the scientist, the far-visioned politician, the consecrated priest, the thinker. I have lived for many years and counted myself blessed with friends; but friendships richer and deeper than I ever knew have sought me out in my cell and sent their best gifts of heart and brain and soul to share my 'punishment.'"

The death of Mrs. Humphry Ward would have been accounted a more serious loss, and made a more profound impression, a few years ago than it does today. For this distinguished author, becoming suddenly prolific, had of late been turning out novels of such inferior character, that serious students of literature no longer had concern for her or her work. Not even her recently published memoirs, a book of fascinating interest, had availed to restore her name to its former eminence. And yet it would be a great mistake to underestimate Mrs. Ward's unusual powers, her real achievements, and her unquestionably high rank among the novelists of her day. "Robert Elsmere" is certainly an immortal book—it will be remembered always, even if not always read, for the almost unparalleled sensation which it created when it first appeared. No book was ever more timely—few more honest and courageous. "David Grieve," Mrs. Ward's most mature and artistic creation in the field of fiction, is a permanent contribution to English literature, and not undeservedly won for its author the title of "the second George Eliot." Other books which came slowly from her pen in the next score of years—notably "Marcella," "Helbeck of Bannisdale" and "The Marriage of William Ashe"—were of careful workmanship and distinguished excellence. Then, with the new century, came the new writers of the Wells, Shaw and Bennett school, the shifting of interest to strange themes of revolutionary social change, and the marked waning or dissipation of Mrs. Ward's own powers. As a leading figure of the vanished post-Victorian age, she was now a survival; as an active worker in the new Georgian age, a novelist of second or even third rank. Hence does her death stir memories of the past, rather than regrets for the present or future! A member of the famous Arnold family, Mrs. Ward was a woman of exquisite refinement and culture. Her circle of friends and acquaintances included all the great and near-great of her time. She shared in the modern liberal tendencies of religious and political thought, but was by breeding and native instinct an aristocrat. She was in these last years out of place in an England which had already made her books old-fashioned. We met her once and remember with some awe the distinction of her person and the brilliancy of her mind.

The Interchurch World Movement is a growing disappointment. In the beginning it was loudly trumpeted and rapturously received as a vast undertaking for the revival of Christianity on lines accordant with the new demands of this modern age. Its exclusion from its "world" of all but evangelical churches was a disappointment, but was easily understood as an unconscious "hang-over" from more benighted days. Its sudden announcement of a great "drive" for a campaign fund of $336,777,572 was a shocking revelation of its prostitution of religion to the dollars and cents standards of twentieth century commercialism. Then came its compromise on the issue of denominationalism—a frank abandonment of all its proud claims for the ending of Protestant divisions. And last was the solemn launching of a campaign against "radicalism" in America! No progressive religionist need pay any more attention to this Movement. It is now plainly evident that it is a revamping of the old, not a creation of the new. The reactionaries are in the saddle, seeking once again to work the miracle of bringing the dead to life. There will be much noise in the next few months, huge meetings, an orgy of expenditure. Then, as in that tragic fiasco, the Men and Religious Forward Movement, there will be nothing to show but dead cold ashes. Not in such undertakings as these is that divine spirit which "maketh all things new"!

A remarkable thing has happened in Passaic, New Jersey. The Unitarian Church in that city, All Souls, now advertises itself as "formerly Unitarian," and makes the following interesting announcement:

The congregation has voted to drop the word "Unitarian" from the church name, because of the fact that all theological references to early church differences do not help promote the interests of religion, and because theories of religious truth are lost in the higher ideals of service.

We congratulate our Passaic brethren. This is enlightened religious leadership. Such action will win instant public support today, and points unerringly to the certain fulfillment of undenominational or community religion tomorrow.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has come to the end foredoomed when the mad wreckers of the greatest aggregation of musicians in the modern world began their dastardly work during the War. It was perhaps inevitable that Karl Muck should retire—this much we will grant! But it was not necessary that the orchestra should be purged of the more than thirty players, many of them of long, and all of them

of distinguished, service, whose only imaginable offense was that of being Germans. The attempt to fill the places of these men was of course a failure, even though the year of direction under the baton of Henri Rabaud saw a real beginning of the work of regeneration. Then came the colossal mistake of selecting as conductor M. Monteux, a second-rate man, with a bad record of service at the Metropolitan Opera House, who could not hope to hold the respect or maintain the discipline of his men. The inevitable crash has come sooner than might have been expected, and over an issue raised more than once in the days of Major Higginson—namely, the unionization of the players! The result is chaos, with the future of the great orchestra hopelessly dark. The whole story constitutes an almost perfect tragedy. And yet, it may not be without its compensations. Something at least will be accomplished if a few hysterical Bostonians are taught that there are some things that must be held sacredly above the passions of war—and that among these is music!

Patriotism and Responsibility for the War

We have heard very little about the findings of the Commission that was set up by the German National Assembly at Weimar to inquire into the question of who was responsible for the war, for its prolongation, and for losing it. The Commission sat for a long time, but, save for some brief references made occasionally in European papers, we have been denied the evidence which has been given by leading Germans, military and civilian, who, on the inquiry being set up, earnestly requested to be heard. These proceedings took place, not behind closed doors, but in an open public court. Why have the reports of the Commission been withheld from us? It is not generally known that France had her *"Societé d'études critiques et documentaires sur la guerre,"* and the work of examining all the documents its members could obtain was carried on, with sincerity and earnestness, by men whose patriotism could not be questioned. Great Britain, too, had numerous societies devoted to similar work, but, of course, it is somewhat different there, for the English are, after all, a peculiar people, and most of them can be patriotic and inquisitive at the same time.

Whether we are interested in the question of responsibility for the war does not appear; no manifestation is betrayed by our statesmen, our publicists, or our editors. Presumably they are all satisfied with the findings of the publicity department. Our attitude in this respect is typical. But, we are afraid it cannot be maintained for long, unless, of course, we wish to remain a self-contained nation so far as any knowledge of foreign affairs may affect us. Yet, there may be grave dangers in store for us if we attempt to shut our minds, and our eyes, to what is going on in the world beyond our shores, that world that has laid heavy penalties upon our people who would not and could not think for themselves.

Absurd as it may seem to our leaders of thought Germany is not the only country that is making an impartial attempt to study the question of responsibility for the war. Many Englishmen of world-wide repute have since the armistice published books on this question containing findings which seriously conflict with the notions that the vast majority of the Allied peoples held during the war. And now from France comes a searching examination of the documents, and the utterances of her public men, in the shape of a series of articles by M. Georges Demartial, Officier de la légion d'honneur, called "Patriotism, and Responsibility for the War." This work from a distinguished French civil servant is causing something of a sensation in Europe. It has appeared in the British journal, *Foreign Affairs; Clarté,* the organ of Barbusse's movement in France, has published it; and the *Rassagna Internazionale* is making a feature of it. It is to be hoped that it will find a patriotic publisher in America who will see that it is widely circulated, because there is no real reason why our public should not be as fully informed on all these matters as the public of European countries. Sooner or later we shall be obliged, whether we like it or not, to study both sides of the momentous questions concerning the war.

The main questions raised by M. Demartial are as follows:

> "Russia could not avoid going to war. She was forced into it by the general mobilization of Austria, declared Sazonov, Russia's Foreign Minister, in his circular of August 2, 1914. But even our Ambassador in Vienna states that the Austrian general mobilization was only ordered on July 31, i. e., after the Russian. Moreover, as the result of the Sukomlinoff trial, the first Russian Revolutionary Government was fain to admit that the decision not to rest content with a partial mobilization, but to proceed to a general mobilization, was taken on July 29. That decision was not at all surprising, because, when the Franco-Russian alliance was being negotiated, the Russian Chief of Staff told the French negotiator that:
>
> "In the event of war against Austria it is absolutely impossible for Russia to carry out a partial mobilization: she must and will carry out a general mobilization.
>
> "France could not avoid going to war. So stated the President of the French Republic in his message of August 4, 1914:
>
> "Germany—he said—sought to surprise us

treacherously in the very midst of diplomatic conversations.

"Compare that statement with the facts. As early as the evening of *July 31* the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs told a deputation of Socialist Deputies: 'All is over.' On *August 1* the French general mobilization took place. On *August 2 Le Journal* said: 'The irreparable has taken place. *It is war.*' On the same day *Le Temps* said: '*It is war:* how heartily we shall wage it!' On *August 3 Le Matin* expressed anger that the German Ambassador still remained in Paris and ordered him to clear out. *It was only on* the night of that day—*August 3—that Germany declared war on France.*"

We cannot afford to let this question of all questions remain in doubt. M. Demartial quotes a saying attributed to Abraham Lincoln, "The man who will not investigate both sides of a question is dishonest." Well, Lincoln knew what it was to deal with men who would not investigate both sides of the question. It will not do for us to be behind Europe in answering the appeal of Demartial:

> "Let us . . . tear away the bandage which has been placed over our eyes. Let us submit to a critical and impartial inquiry, chapter by chapter, argument by argument, all the official and semi-official explanations of the origins, both remote and immediate, of the war; ministerial declarations, parliamentary debates, articles of the press, books of experts. Let us admit as true only, as Descartes says, 'that which necessarily appears to be so.' Let us take as our first rule that there is no greater misfortune which can befall a man than that he should unduly blame his country, and if we find ourselves under the painful necessity of admitting this or that point against our country, let us not do so until we have examined and re-examined all the documents and investigated exhaustively all the counter-arguments. In a word *—let us seek truth.*"

Let us seek the truth by all means, but we wonder how many of our noisy patriots will accept the truth when it is laid before them. Still, the truth is coming through, and we might mention numbers of instances of surprising evidence brought forward in Europe in the last year which seriously conflict with the popular notions held by most of us as to the causes of the War. We know now the history of most of the understandings made by the Allies long before the War began. We know now that in Sazanoff's report to the Czar in 1912 that "England promised to support France on land by sending an expedition of 100,000 to the Belgian border to repel the invasion of France by the German army through Belgium, expected by the French General Staff." That meant that the Germans were to be repelled on the eastern border of Belgium. Furthermore, in the summer of last year Marshal Joffre appeared before the French Parliamentary Committee set up to inquire into the Briey Basin scandal. The committee questioned him as to the original plan of defense, and the Marshal, referring to his note-book, explained the reasons which in 1913 led to a complete change of the Allied plan. He said the violation of Belgian territory was foreseen, and that the French concentration was carried farther northward, in consequence, toward Hirson, a great railway center on the border of Belgium directly south of Maubeuge. He also stated that all forces were to be engaged simultaneously, adding that a military convention with Great Britain existed, the terms of which were secret; but, nevertheless, the aid of six British divisions was counted upon, and also the support of the Belgians. Now these admissions by Marshal Joffre strengthened the position of the many Europeans who since 1914 have unhesitatingly rejected all popular notions of the cause of the War. The story of a surprised Belgium, standing alone to receive the shock of the Germans seems somewhat flimsy in the light of Marshal Joffre's evidence; and now that searching questions are being asked as to the military and naval understandings that governed the actions of Servia, Russia, Belgium, France and Great Britain, we might remind our readers of the undated enclosure in the note of July 24 which the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs issued to the Belgian Ambassadors: "All necessary steps to insure respect of Belgian neutrality have nevertheless been taken by the Government. The Belgian army has been mobilized and is taking up such strategic positions as have been chosen to secure the defence of the country and the respect of its neutrality. The forts of Antwerp and on the Meuse have been put in a state of defence."

There is another matter in connection with secret treaties which should be thoroughly investigated. Kerensky is in Paris with copies of the documents which pass between the Russian, French and British governments as to the division of German territory. These he has made public, and we hear that the French people are amazed at the revelations of secret diplomacy. In a telegram, dated February 24, 1916, from Sazanoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, we learn that Russia was "ready to leave complete liberty to France and England for determination of the western frontiers of Germany, believing that in their turn the Allies will leave us an equal liberty for the fixation of our frontiers with Germany and Austria." The documents show the arrangements made between the governments for the annexation of territory, and that all these arrangements were made before America entered the War. We cannot help but wonder what would have happened in the

spring of 1917 if the American public had been acquainted with the secret treaties, particularly these Mr. Kerensky has laid before the notice of the French people. The binding nature of secret treaties has been brought home vividly to us, and we have seen that the peace terms arranged by Mr. Wilson in November, 1918, were speedily swept away by the militarists who knew the conditions of the sercret treaties, conditions not disclosed to the American government until long after the Rhine territories had been occupied. This is a grievous state of affairs, and every rationally-minded American should learn the whole lesson of secret diplomacy as it is being revealed now in Europe so that we might be properly prepared for the consequences of the next war when it comes.

The reasons for an inquiry of the nature M. Demartial demands seem to be many, sufficient indeed to impress upon us the necessity of tearing away the bandage which has been placed over our eyes. If the people of European countries are severally seeking the truth, what reason can be urged for our not joining in the search?

FRANCIS NEILSON.

TWO SONNETS.

I. THE PAISLEY SHAWL.

What were his dreams who wove this colored shawl—
The gray, hard-bitten weaver, gaunt and dour,
Out of whose grizzled memory, even as a flower
Out of bleak winter, at young April's call,
In the old tradition of flowers breaks into bloom,
Blossomed the old and intricate design
Of softly glowing hues and exquisite line—
What were his dreams, crouched at his cottage loom?

What were her dreams, the laughing April lass
Who first in the flowering of young delight,
With parted lips and eager, tilted head
And shining eyes, about her shoulders white
Drew the soft fabric of kindling green and red,
Standing before the candle-lighted glass?

II. HANDS.

Tempest without: within the mellow glow
Of mingling lamp and firelight over all—
Etchings and water-colors on the wall,
Cushions and curtains of clear indigo,
Rugs, damask-red, and blue as Tyrian seas,
Deep chairs, black oaken settles, hammered brass,
Transculent porcelain and sea-green glass,
Color and warmth and light and dreamy ease.

And I sit wondering where are now the hands
That wrought at anvil, easel, wheel, and loom,—
Hands, slender, swart, red, gnarled,—in foreign lands
Or English shops to furnish this seemly room;
And all the while, without, the windy rain
Drums like dead fingers tapping at the pane.

The Atlantic Monthly. —*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

THE PULPIT

Does God Know His Own Mind?

By John Haynes Holmes

TEXT: *"God, working out a history, just like ourselves. . ." —William James, in A Pluralistic Universe, VII.*

This subject which I have chosen for my sermon this morning will be regarded by some persons, perhaps, as an inexcusably flippant attack upon the highest and noblest reality of the religious life. In my own mind, however, it represents an accurate interpretation of the new problems about God and his world, which are more and more being forced upon the attention of mankind in this modern age. What is involved in these problems is rather amusingly suggested by a story just told by Dr. Dillon, the famous English newspaper correspondent, in his recent book on "The Inside Story of the Peace Conference."

"A French parish priest," says Dr. Dillon, "was once spiritually comforting a member of his flock who was tormented by doubts about the goodness of God as measured by the imperfection of his creation. Having listened to a vivid account of the troubled soul's high expectation of its Maker and of its deep disappointment at his work, the pious old curé said: 'Yes, my child, the world is indeed bad, as you say, and you are right to deplore it. But don't you think that you may have formed to yourself an exaggerated idea of God?' "

Now, it is this astonishing suspicion, that we may have been cherishing all these years "an exaggerated idea of God," and of what he has done, or is able to do, in this world of ours, which is more and more taking possession of men's minds today, and stirring up all kinds of radical theological speculations. Many persons are alarmed by these speculations, feeling that they mean the destruction of everything that is precious to the spiritual consciousness of man. Others, like William James, in the latter years of his life, are profoundly moved, feeling that for the first time we are going to lay hold on a God with whom we can transact the business of daily life. In either case, we have here something new which cannot be ignored, and which at the least must be studied and understood.

In order to see where we stand at the present time, and over what road we have traveled to this place, let us return for a moment to the early traditions of the race, and recall what men thought about God, in the days of the Old Testament, for example. Here do we have a picture of a deity who existed "before all worlds," in a state of isolation as lonely as it was sublime. "In the beginning" was God, and all else was "waste and void and darkness." "In him was life"—all life and perfect life. He was infinite and eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent — the fullness of all those qualities which make up the essence of material and spiritual being. So perfect was he that he was incapable of any change, or even action, within himself. His spirit, by the very necessities of the case, was static and not dynamic. All that God could do was to project his personality beyond itself in some form of self-expression; and this was what was done in the great achievement of *creation*. In the rather crude form of the story in Genesis, "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters";

and brought light out of darkness, made the dry land to appear, and created the living creatures of earth and air and sea. He acted, in other words, very much like a builder who seizes some stones, or raw clay, and fashions with much labor the structure of a building. In the more spiritual account of the Gospel of John, God is described simply as speaking his "Word," and thus bringing the world into existence much as a singer produces a song, or a poet his verses. But in either case, we have the picture of God, as a creator, and the universe as his creation. God is no longer existing alone by himself, sufficient unto himself. Outside of him, beyond him, is this world which he has made, as evidence at once of the power and the wisdom of his holy spirit.

Now, of this world which God is thus represented as creating "in the beginning," one very definite conception is to be noted. I refer to the fact that it was a final thing, a piece of work that was complete in every part. "The heavens and the earth were finished," says the narrative in Genesis. There was nothing more to do, nothing more that could happen, when God had once "ended (the) work which he had made." The world, in other words, exactly like the divine being who had created it, was perfect. There was no opportunity for growth or development, no reason for the slightest alteration. What the world was at the moment when it came from the hand of God, it is today, and so it will remain until the end of time. When we look about us at this moment, we see exactly the same world which Adam saw, so far at least as its essential structure is concerned; and our children's children, when they gaze about them unnumbered centuries hence, will see in their turn the same world upon which we look. How extreme is this emphasis upon the idea of a perfect and unchanging world created by a perfect and unchanging God, is shown by Edmund Gosse in his description of his father, an orthodox creationist, in his autobiography entitled "Father and Son." In opposition to the theory of evolution, then coming into prominence through the influence of Darwin and his confreres, the elder Gosse presented the idea that there had never been any "gradual modification of the surface of the earth, or slow development of organic forms, but that when the catastrophic act of creation took place, the world presented instantly the structural appearance" which it bears today. And why not, if God is all-wise and all-powerful, and this world is to be regarded as a specimen of his creative handiwork? God knew his own mind when he set to work upon this business. He knew exactly what he wanted to do; and, what is more, he had the infinite ability to carry out his purposes. How could the result of his activity be anything other than perfection? If we would regard it as sacrilege today for anybody to attempt to change a canvas of Raphael or a statute of Michael Angelo, with the idea of improving these masterpieces of art, how much more should we regard it as sacrilege for anybody to suggest that this universe has been, or should be, changed in any way, since God "saw everything that he had made," in that far-off dawn of the creation, "and behold, it was very good."

Now, as a matter of dogma, this conception of a perfect world, the creation of a perfect God, was irrefragable. It endured for centuries in the creeds and the theological text-books as a triumphant example of the logic of deduction. If God was perfect, and if God had created a universe, then this universe of course, must itself be perfect. The work must, of necessity, take on the attributes of the worker! But if this proposition is undeniable in the field of abstract logic, it is not beyond question, and very troublesome question, in the field of concrete, matter-of-fact reality. From the standpoint of pure reason, it stands; but when tested by the actual facts of knowledge and experience, it encounters difficulty. Two problems at least offer challenge to all who would accept this doctrine of intranscience.

In the first place, there is the problem of evil, which has bothered every man ever since the day he first began to think in terms of good and bad. The book of Job is one of the monuments which shows how early man began to speculate upon this problem, and how profoundly he was moved by its consideration. Here is man, so the question ran, living in a universe which has been made by a God who must be regarded as at once all-wise, all-perfect and all-good. It would naturally be supposed, of course—indeed, it must be accepted as a matter of logic—that such a universe would bear abundant witness of the benficence of its Maker. So far is this from being the case, however, that on every side are evils from which man suffers beyond description. Here are earthquakes and hurricanes, and all manner of convulsions in the natural world; here are pestilences and famines, and other grievous destruction which "walketh in darkness . . . and wasteth at noon-day"; here are poisonous serpents, and noxious plants, and ferocious beasts, all of which devour man in his ignorance and folly; here are those insidious forms of inner weakness and depravity, to which mortal flesh is heir; and lastly are those tragic accidents which Shakespeare calls "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." How are these horrors to be accounted for in a universe which must be accepted as the finished and therefore perfect handiwork of God? What is the answer to be given to this unescapable fact of evil existing in a world created to last forever, unchanged and unchangeable, by a God who is good? Innumerable are the endeavors which have been made to explain this baffling problem. We have been overwhelmed, as Job was overwhelmed, by a picture of God's omnipotence, and the impossibility, therefore, of man's trying to understand the way of the Most High. We have been told that God's "thoughts are not (our) thoughts, neither are (his) ways (our) ways." We have been informed that evil is a moral necessity, and therefore a blessing, since it tests the virtue of the good, and punishes the sins of the wicked. But no argument, through all the ages of disputation upon this subject, has ever been satisfactory. Man has never been able to escape the dilemma of evil existing in a world created by a good God, who had the power to eliminate this evil, had he so desired.

The second problem presented by this conception of a perfect and unchanging world, is much more recent than the problem of evil, and belongs to the field of science rather than of ethics or religion. It made its appearance some two or three hundred years ago, when men, for the first time since Aristotle, began to think by processes of induction rather than of deduction. All through the Middle Ages, and down into modern times, men had followed the theological habit of postulating certain abstract ideas about the deity, and then making the facts of life to fit these ideas. They began, in other words, with God, and then adjusted their knowledge or experience of the world

to these preconceptions of theology. Now, in our time, following the example of Aristotle and Bacon, this process of thought has been exactly reversed. Today we think not theologically but scientifically—which means that we begin our thought not with far-away, hypothetical assumptions about God, but with the actual facts of observation and experience in his present world. We take the world as our laboratory, gather information about the structure and processes of life in this world, and then base upon this information such general propositions about God and the mysteries of ultimate reality, as the facts may seem to warrant. In other words, instead of moving from the unknown to the known for the content of our beliefs, we move in just the opposite direction, from the known where we now stand, to the unknown which is far beyond!

Now it was this change of method in our thinking from the theological to the scientific, which raised this second problem about the world. The very moment that men turned away from abstract speculations about God, to concrete observations of phenomena, they began to discover that there was something wrong about this idea of a world made all at once at a certain moment in the past, and existing unaltered from that day to our own. Here all over this planet are the evidences not of stability but of change. Here is a record, written so that all may read, of the repeated transformations from age to age of the structure of the earth, and of the various forms of life which populate this earth. Thus, as we dig down into the soil beneath our feet, we find a long succession of layers of earth, each one distinct and separate from every other, and all revealing the changes through which the world has passed. Hidden away in these geological deposits are fossil remains of animals long since extinct, and many of them related by direct lines of descent with creatures now flourishing in our midst. Again, in man himself are those vestiges of an earlier day—the gill marks in the neck, the atrophied muscles of the ear, such rudimentary organs as the tonsils and the vermiform appendix—which reveal the lower ranges of organic life from which the human race has sprung. And always there are the changes wrought by breeders of special varieties of horses, dogs and pigeons, which are going on every day, right before our face and eyes. This world, you say, exists today exactly as it appeared on that first day when it came fresh from the hand of the Creator! We look upon the same mountains and seas, the same plants and animals, upon which God looked when he saw these things which he had made, and found them good! On the contrary, if the signs and wonders written in the earth, like a legend inscribed upon a tablet, mean anything at all, this world of ours has never been the same from one aeon to another. It has been changing with every age, old forms passing into new, and new forms becoming old. "All things are in motion," said Heraclitus, of old, anticipating the observations of a later age; "all things are in flux, and nothing abides."

Now it was this discovery of the law of evolution, as it is now called, which led to a breakdown of our traditional theory of *creation*—a breakdown at least as regards our idea of the world, its origin and history. No longer do we think of the world as arbitrarily produced at a single instant of time in the past, and remaining unchanged in its perfection from that day to this. Rather do we think of a mysterious moment when life may be said to have appeared within the cosmos, and then of a prolonged and never-to-be-ended development of this first seed of life into the myriad forms which the ages have seen, and are destined yet to see. Our whole idea of the universe is no longer that of a product of manufacture, but of a process of development. The picture now before us is not that of an article designed and put together by an artificer, and at one miraculous moment finished; but of an organism growing and expanding, and therefore never done. John Fiske described the transformation of our point of view when he wrote, in his "The Idea of God," that "Paley's simile of the watch . . . must be replaced by the simile of the flower. The universe is not a machine, but an organism, with an indwelling principle of life. It was not made, but it has grown," as a flower grows, or a blade of corn—"first the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." This gives us, of course, a wholly new conception of the world. We can still speak of creation, I suppose, but in a sense very different from that suggested in the ancient story. *Evolutionary creation,* as we must now describe it, presents us with the picture of a process and not an act. It concerns not a single moment of time, but all eternity. It begins anew every morning, or indeed every instant, and never makes an end. It achieves nothing that is final or perfect, but ever sweeps onward in endless quest of

> That one far-off divine event
> Toward which the whole creation moves.

But if our thought of the world, and of the whole meaning of creation, is thus transfigured as a result of the discovery of the facts of evolution, it is to be noted that our thought of God has thus far remained essentially unchanged. It is true that he has substituted the method of growth for the method of fiat, in the fulfillment of his creative purpose. It is true that he has not finished his labors, but is carrying on the work of creation today as truly as he ever carried it on in any one of those six miraculous days described by Genesis. It is true that he has finished nothing—that the attainment of perfection is before him in the future, and not behind him in the past. Especially true is it that God is seen of us today in the guise of immanence rather than of transcendence. We think of him not as an artificer away off there in the heavenly spaces, far separated from the world which he has made, but as an indwelling spirit of life, a "Power manifested in every pulsation of the universe," "the one Reality which underlies all appearances, and from the presence of which we can never escape." But the main thing is that God is still regarded as infinite and eternal. He is all-good, all-potent and all-wise. He is himself perfection, and is working out in the evolving world a process of perfection. He knows, in other words, exactly what he is doing. He knows his own mind. This "one far-off divine event," of which we have been speaking as the culmination of the process, is something not seen of faith only. On the contrary, it is a reality present at this moment in the mind of God. He has his plan, as he has had it from the beginning; he sees the end, and "the way he taketh" to this end. Everything that he does—or, if we prefer so to express it, everything that happens!—has a definite reason behind it in the divine mind. Nothing is left to chance; there are no experiments or adventures. The whole creative process was planned by God from beginning to end,

and is now being deliberately carried through. In the divine being, if not in the world itself, the process is completed. Perfection in spiritual essence if not in material form, has already been attained. For God, by the very definition of his being, is himself perfection. With him, if not with the world, things are the same yesterday, today and forever, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Now this idea of *evolutionary creation*—of the substitution of the dynamic concept of evolution for the static concept of arbitrary creation—marks a definite and beneficent advance in human thought. It answers, not altogether, as we shall see, and yet to a remarkable degree, the queries raised by the facts unearthed by the physical sciences of our time. It tells why there are so many evidences of change written deep in the substance of "this goodly frame, the earth." But what shall we say about that earlier and more baffling problem which troubled us so much—namely, the problem of evil? Does the doctrine of evolution solve this age-old riddle of the universe? On the contrary, does it not leave it exactly where it found it; for do we not still have the same tantalizing dilemma, of evil conspicuously present in a universe for which a good God is adjudged to be responsible? How to effect a reconciliation between the moral perfection of God upon the one hand, and the moral imperfection of the world upon the other, this has been the challenge which has been before us from the beginning; and the idea of evolution seems to help us as little out of this difficulty as the old creation myth of *Genesis*. It is true that the evolutionists have presented new and ingenious points of view upon the problem. Thus, they argue that evil in an evolving world is only a relative thing—relative in the sense that evil only appears to be evil when looked at from the standpoint of some progress which has been achieved. "Evil," says one evolutionist, "is simply the characteristic of the lower state of living as looked at from the higher state." It is a good which has been outgrown, a phenomenon which has survived beyond the period of its usefulness to the cosmic process. Then, too, the evolutionists always lay great stress upon the end toward which the line of evolution is tending. All evils will be lost and forgotten, they say, in the glory of the final result, that "one far-off divine event," of which the poet sings. If we could only see what God sees—if we could only behold as he beholds the "partial evil" in the light of the "universal good"—if we could only understand that no suffering is lost, no tragedy in vain, no catastrophe without its holy purpose—then we should know that evil is to be accepted as a kind of dissonance which serves to create, and not to disturb, the final harmony. For some day what we call evil is to emerge into perfect good, and the long process of struggle and survival come to a joyful end. Meanwhile, however, evil is with us—relative evil to be sure, but evil all the same! Meanwhile the process is going on, with all its stress and agony, and the happy end which is to justify it seems very far away! "The mystery of evil," says John Fiske, surveying the question from the standpoint of evolution, "remains a mystery still"—and, we may add, the same kind of mystery that it has always been! At bottom is the contradiction between a God that is all-good, and a world, either static or dynamic, which is not all good. Before us always is the question—if God is all-powerful and all-loving, why could he not have made a perfect world at the start, or worked toward the evolution of such a world by ways that were pleasant instead of ugly? And if we are to find comfort for present sufferings in the thought

> . . . that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,

what are we doing but taking refuge in the essentially evil principle that the end justifies the means? The fact of the matter is, the problem of evil is still with us. Its question has never been answered. It remains as dire an enigma in Darwin's *Origin of Species* as in the Old Testament book of *Genesis*.

It is the insistence of this question which has led to the second and final breakdown of our traditional idea of the creation. We have seen how the adoption of the inductive method of reasoning, from the known to the unknown, from the things we see and feel and handle to the things of which we speculate and dream, led promptly to the rejection of the idea that this world is a finished and perfect product. We now know that it is changing all the time, from one form to another, in an endless process of evolution. But why do we confine our inductive method of reasoning to the problem of the world and its phenomena? Why do we not carry it right through to the problem of God, and thus raise the question as to whether the Creator, any more than the creation, is a finished and perfect reality? As a matter of fact, are not our ideas about God purely traditional, without any basis in experience? Are we not assuming all kinds of things about the deity, just as we used to assume all kinds of things about the world, without testing them by the facts of observation and investigation? For what actual evidence is there that God is a perfect being? What knowledge is available to teach us that he is infinite and eternal, all-powerful and all-good? By what right do we assert that he can do what he wants to, or even knows the purposes and desires of his own heart? Men were shocked, a half century or more ago, when they were shown that this universe of ours was not a wonderful machine, flawless in every particle and motion, but an organism growing by a process of development from the imperfect to the more perfect, from the ugly to the beautiful, from the evil to the good. What guarantee have we that logic is not to fulfill itself, and we therefore be forced to undergo the second shock of discovering that God also is not perfect, that he also is growing *pari passu* with his world, that we must look to the future rather than to the past for the full revelation of his divine being?

Now it is just these questions which constitute the religious challenge of our time, and the answers to these questions which are giving us a new theology. Men are applying to-day to the problems of spiritual reality, the same ruthless methods of scientific inquiry which they have long since learned to apply to the problems of natural phenomena. They are refusing to accept any assumptions of any kind just because they sound well, or feel inspiring, or seem to fit some preconceived ideal of the deity. They are asking to-day about God, just as they have long since asked about the world. What are the facts, how far do the facts take us, what have we a right to believe in the light of facts? And they are answering, with entire calmness, that we cannot say of God the things that men have been saying from the beginning of time! God may be infinite and eternal; he may be

able to think and do anything. But we have no right to assume this, and thus no right to weave it into the fabric of our faith. So far as we can see, from the evidences of the divine handiwork that are about us, God is not infinite, and certainly not omnipotent. All available facts would seem to prove the words of William James, in his *A Pluralistic Universe,* that "God is finite, either in power or in knowledge, or in both at once."

The picture which the new theologians would have us accept to-day, in other words, is the picture of an evolving God, similar in every detail with the picture of an evolving world which the naturalists gave us for our acceptance yesterday. The two conceptions belong together—the universe, both in its material and spiritual aspects, is either all static or all dynamic; it cannot be half one and half the other. At the heart of the idea of God, as we must now believe, is the thought of Life, with its one essential attribute of self-expression. Now evolution of the world is the record of the endeavors of this Life principle or force —which is none other than what is signified in the opening phrase of *Genesis,* "in the beginning, God"— to express itself, and thus work out the inherent destinies of its being. Evolution is simply the story of the successes and failures of this process of self-development from the unconcious to the conscious, from instinct to reason, from weakness to strength, from the blind groping of the amoeba to the exalted and steadfast purpose of the full-grown man. The whole thing is the biography of God, from that first miraculous moment of spiritual birth to the present stage of glowing ardent youth, which H. G. Wells, with such fine imagination, substitutes for the ordinary old-age conception of the deity. Through all these aeons of personal development, God has never at any time been master of his problem. He has never been able to do, all at once, the things which he has wanted to do. He has never seen his purpose through to the end —never reached the perfect vision of the completed whole. He has never known everything—as Maeterlinck says, in his *Mountain Paths.* "God does not know everything" to-day! Always he has been struggling—failing and beginning again, falling and rising again. A thousand times has he been baffled and defeated. But always by virtue of that divinity which makes him God, he has resumed his task; and at last, with the wider knowledge and deeper courage which unwearied labor has brought him, he has achieved the victory of Man. His labor has been that of the sculptor with his statue—first the inert mass of clay, then the gradual shaping of the figure, then the moulding and remoulding, the trying and failing and trying again—and always the sculptor himself growing with his work, the vision of his purpose changing as the clay changes beneath his fingers, the statue making the sculptor as well as the sculptor making the statue. So God has wrestled with his world, and is still wrestling. So God and his world have grown together, and are still growing, in a mutual process of creation. God, as we now see, is not merely the source of evolution, the guide of evolution. He *is* evolution. For God is Life, and life is change. There is nothing ended, or even perfect, but death.

Now here is our new idea of God—an evolving God to match an evolving world. It is an extension, as you can see, to the idea of God, of the principle of evolution which we have long since learned to apply to the world. It is an idea which has grown out of the ideas which have preceded it, by a wholly natural process of development. It is itself a product of evolution. First, we had the static idea of creation. Then we had a mingling of the static and the dynamic, in the idea of evolutionary creation. Here we have the full dynamic, in the idea of what Bergson well calls *creative evolution.* And I would commend it to you for the one reason, if no other, that it is thoroughly scientific—a modern rather than a medieval type of theology—and answers more satisfactorily than any other theory ever propounded, the riddles of existence.

Thus this doctrine of *creative evolution,* of an evolving God, gives a much sounder interpretation of the phenomena of the natural world than the classic doctrine of Darwin and Spencer and John Fiske ever did. For the process of evolution was never the precise and perfect thing that it has been described to be. Many of the fossil animals, which have been dug up from the strata of the earth, are plainly experiments which were tried and cast aside. Many of the forms of life, now surviving and functioning, and many of the organs of any of these particular forms, are bungling affairs at the very best. Everywhere there is evidence of waste, futility, misdirection, experiment. The process, in many of its features, looks like the record of a sculptor who has been willing to smash a hundred casts, for the sake of getting one that approximates to beauty. Now how are such phenomena to be explained, if God is infinite, all-wise and all-good, from the beginning has known his own mind, has "seen life steadily and seen it whole"? It is obvious that they cannot be explained—we take refuge again in faith that there is some mystery of being here which is beneficent, but which we cannot hope to understand. With the conception of God as himself growing with his world, however, everything becomes plain. Evolution is the record of God's adventures in creation—glorious not so much for the material things which have been builded as for the spiritual triumphs which have been won.

But if this idea of an evolving God is helpful as an answer to the problems of the natural world, it is indispensable as an answer to the perennial problem of evil. At last this riddle has been explained. At last we know why evil is present in a universe in which works the indwelling spirit of a good God. God is indeed good, but he is not omnipotent. He is limited either in power, or in knowledge; perhaps, as James says, "in both at once." Evil is here not because God wants it here, but because he knows not how to remove it at the present moment; or, knowing, has not the power to remove it. Evil is a fact, therefore, waiting not to be explained but to be conquered. It is a challenge not to our reason, but to our courage, patience and ingenuity. For the first time we discover that evil is not something necessary to the universe, but a phenomenon which is fortuitous and transient. Some day, as God grows in knowledge and power, evil will be overcome. The future is certain to be delivered of all ill; and in an evolving world, it is the future which is alone important.

This thought of God, therefore, is most helpful in giving answer to these questions which have so long perplexed us. But, I hear somebody say at this concluding moment, are we not losing more, in this thought of God, from the moral point of view, than

we are gaining from the rational or intellectual point of view? What is left to us, after all, if God is not omnipotent—if he is not able to do all that we would have him do—if he can give us no certain answer to our prayers, no sure protection from our ills? Have not men clung to the idea of God, just because they have needed some place of "refuge and strength," some center of comfort and assurance? "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms"—this is what God has meant to men in the past, and still means to-day; an idea of Providence, the eye that sees, the mind that knows, the arm that will sustain. If we take away this idea, now, what remains? A few questions are answered, perhaps, a closer co-ordination established between fact and theory. But what recompense do these things offer to a heart that has been stripped of its protection?

Such an appeal as this, is, of course, irresistible, and yet I believe it to be fundamentally unsound. I realize as well as anybody, I trust, that God must come to man primarily as a moral rather than as an intellectual reality. Man craves the companionship, the sympathy, the support of the divine—and these he must have, unless he dies. But wherein does this thought of an evolving God touch in any way this spiritual need of the human heart? Is it in the power of God, the sheer brute strength of the divine arm, if I may so express it, that man has found his consolation and his hope? Not at all! The highest thought and the deepest consolation of God have never expressed themselves in any such merely physical terms as these. The crowning idea of God in every age, as voiced by the greatest prophets and cherished by the neediest hearts, has been the idea of love, and not of power. "God is love"—that has been the triumphant cry. *God cares*—that is the great and essential thing. And the care of God, the love of God, has no more to do with this question of infinitude than the soul of man has to do with the biceps of his arm. Does God know everything?—why should we ask? To stretch knowledge to omniscience, does not bring God any nearer to us as a Providence of good. Is God able to do everything—why should this concern us? To stretch power to omnipotence, does not deepen the love for which we crave and without which we cannot live. The essential thing is that we shall know God, and trust God, and feel the love of God. And this is as sure a thing in this new idea of God as ever it was in the old traditional idea.

Nay, it is a surer, and also a lovelier thing! For in the old days there was an aloofness about God that was awesome and repellent. His attributes of infinity—his omniscience, omnipotence, and all the rest—removed him afar from us, so that we could not feel with any intimacy his presence. Thus God was a king to be worshipped, not a Father to be loved. He was a majesty to be adored, not a fellowship to be enjoyed. Above all, he was sufficient unto himself. He had no need of us—we might live or die, prosper or perish, and it was all the same to him! But now in this idea of a God who struggles as we struggle, and suffers as we suffer—who knows not only power and triumph but defeat and disappointment and much weariness—who is faced, as we are faced, by the hazard of failures after long agonies of endeavor—we find something near akin to ourselves. Here is a spirit which is our own. This God is a kind of comrade or friend—a "fellow laborer" as Paul so grandly called him. He can help us, and understand us, and seek for the same things that we are seeking. And perhaps, who knows, we also can help him! Indeed, is it not certain that we can help him, for how can he hope to fulfill his purposes save through us? Man is necessary to God, as God is necessary to man. And in this mutual necessity is our kinship—a kinship so close that God and man become as one. God is man, and man is God; each the other, and both the life that is struggling and battling through to love. "Draw if thou canst," said Emerson, catching the idea of spiritual identity—

> Draw if thou canst the mystic line,
> Which is human, which divine.

Such is God—not power, but love; not the goal, but the road; not the victory, but the great adventure! "God working out a history just like ourselves"! Do you recall how Angela Morgan puts it, in that great poem of hers, *God Prays?*

> "Thy people have travailed much!" I cried,
> "I travail even as they," God sighed.
> "I have cradled their woes since the stars were young,
> My infant planets were scarcely hung
> When I dreamed the dream of my liberty,
> And planned a people to utter me.
> I am the Pang of their discontent,
> The Passion of their long lament;
> I am the purpose of their Pain,
> I writhe beneath their chain."
>
> "But Thou art mighty, and needest no aid,
> Can God, the Infinite, be afraid?"
> "They, too, are God, yet know it not,
> 'Tis they, not I, who have forgot? . . .
> Not till their spirit break the curse
> May I claim mine own in the universe; . . .
> If the people rise, if the people rise,
> I will answer them from the swarming skies. . . .
> Blazing systems of sun and star
> Are not so great as my people are,
> Nor chanting angels so sweet to hear
> As the Voice of the Nations, freed from fear.
> They are my mouth, my breath, my soul,
> I wait their summons to make me whole."

Books

I have a friend whose library shelves are filled to overflowing quite,
Whose well-bound volumes stand in rows, reaching the ceiling, left and right;
My little stock of books is brief, their value to the world is small
But I can say in joy and truth that I have read and loved them all!

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

> Burden-bearers are we all,
> Great and small.
> Burden-sharers be ye all,
> Great and small!
> Where another shares the load,
> Two draw nearer God.
> Yet there are burdens we can share with none,
> Save God;
> And paths remote where we must walk alone,
> With God;
> For lonely burden and for path apart—
> Thank God!
> If these but serve to bring the burdened heart
> To God.
>
> —*John Oxenham.*

CONTRIBUTED

Morality and War

Clear thinking is needed on the alleged moral obligation to make war in certain circumstances. Morality is made for man and not man for morality. In other words, morality is identical ultimately with enlightened self-interest. A code that enjoined suicide would not be ethical. Morality presupposes human life and, indeed, human society. There is no moral obligations or ideals in a cemetery or a desert. Corpses have no moral functions or responsibilities.

Now war, in grim reality, is the deliberate effort to change living human beings into corpses. It is collective homicide. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead defines it as "the deliberate, organized effort of one group of human beings to kill another group of human beings." In war human slaugter is not limited to criminal individuals. There is no discrimination. Good men are killed by good men, patriots by patriots, Christians by Christians. Incidentally, as in the World War, there is the starving or stunting of a generation of children who have not the least responsibility for secret diplomacy, imperialistic ambition, commercial rivalry. In war both sides always profess the noblest motives, and profess them with sincerity. The average German soldier found it at least as easy to believe that he was fighting in defense of his country, and also in defense of liberty and civilization, as did the average American to believe the like concerning himself.

When well-meaning men, women and children, by the million, devote all their energies to a supreme effort to kill other well-meaning men, women and children—for war today involves directly entire populations—the procedure cannot properly be described in terms of ethics as right or wrong, or right for one side and wrong for the other. It is properly called insanity. It is irrationality, irrationality to the utmost, irrationality, without stint or limit. To call it either right or wrong is to dignify it unduly. Collective homicide is so absolutely inhuman, so grossly repugnant to the deepest human instincts, so evidently incompatible with the very perpetuation of the human race on the planet, so inexpressibly idiotic, that it should not be lifted to the level of being pronounced either right or wrong.

Accordingly, the common assertion that it was morally obligatory for us to make war on Germany it should be answered that it is never a duty to act the part of a fool. The appalling consequences of the war are now manifest. To those consequences we contributed, devoting our tremendous strength to the destruction of life and of the means of life. Millions are today in peril of starvation in Europe.

Not one of the idealistic aims for the sake of which the professors and the Christian ministers told us we must engage in the killing of our fellow-men has been promoted by the war, victorious though it was, in a military sense; but, on the contrary, every one of those aims is further from fulfillment than before. In the nature of the case what else had we a right to expect, if we had a grain of common sense? It is not enough to have noble aims. Intelligence must choose the means that are adapted to the fulfillment of those aims. Will any idealistic advocate of collective homicide point out specifically what there is in the killing of choice young men by the million, in world wide impoverishment, in the blighting of childhood, in universal embitterment and hatred and fear, which is calculated to bring nearer the Kingdom of God?

Because it is right to use force against an individual who wantonly invades the life of a fellow being, it is argued that it is also right, in certain circumstances, to carry on war. There is no serious questioning of the necessity of force in dealing with criminal individuals. But it is amazing that keen minds and eminent sociologists and moralists can fail to see the fallacy involved in jumping from the individual to the vast collectivity, the nation with its millions of men, women and children. In the first place, a people as a whole cannot be criminal. Burke long ago said: "I do not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people." In the second place, even if an entire population deserved to be killed, it is not the part of good sense to undertake the killing. For the nations that appoint themselves the executors of divine righteousness and vindicators of the Moral Order suffer as severely as the nations they condemn as wicked. The Moral Order punishes both parties in war in approximately equal measure, for all the world as if both parties were of approximately equal guilt—as, of course, they are. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," said the Great Teacher, failing to add—as the war idealists today would like to add—"unless they take the sword in behalf of noble ends, such as democracy or freedom." Every wicked "Hun" that was killed cost the life of a good Frenchman, or Englishman, or American, or Russian. Indeed, France alone lost nearly as many lives as Germany lost. Military victory or defeat is relatively of trifling importance.

The wise British economist and publicist, J. A. Hobson, says that war is the antithesis of democracy. Undoubtedly he is right. To make war for the sake of democracy is sheer self-contradiction, like applying black paint to make the house white. But Hobson did not go far enough. War is the antithesis of human society itself. To make war for the sake of moral ideals is to saw off the bough on which you are sitting. It is to empty out the baby with the bath. It is to starve yourself to death in order to save money for your old age. It is to commit suicide in order to escape the influenza. It is self-contradiction. It is absurdity. It is asininity. It is enough to make a horse laugh, were it not so tragical that the angels weep.

With the dreadful results of the World War revealing themselves in all their horror, there appears to be no excuse for any thoughtful man to hold and teach that war ever is, ever was, or ever can be, morally obligatory. In the nature of the case war is the worst procedure conceivable, the very worst, the most injurious. Franklin was right: "There never was a good war or a bad peace."

President Wilson said (November, 1917) that his heart was with the pacifists but his mind had a contempt for them because of their "stupidity." His superciliousness reflected the prevailing sentiment. Pacifists were esteemed intellectually deficient. They are still so esteemed quite generally, but it is high time that the stigma of stupidity be fastened where it belongs, upon those who teach that collective homicide is in certain circumstances morally obligatory—the necessary means of promoting ideal ends. Our participation in the World War with the hearty approval

of our intellectual and moral leaders, almost without exception, was simply a collapse of intelligence, a break-down of common sense, at which future generations will marvel.

It is natural that those who advocated and justified with shallow arguments the colossal foolishness into which our country was misled should now desire to save their faces by perpetuating the popular delusion that through the killing of "Huns" we saved civilization, redeemed mankind, vindicated democracy, etc., etc., etc., etc. But the hollowness, the mockery, of such a claim is only too evident. War idealists should ask whether, instead of saving their faces, they would not do better to save their souls by honestly recognizing facts, acknowledging their error in advocating collective homicide for righteousness sake, and doing their utmost now, by teaching the truth about war, to atone for the mischief they have done.

I think I could turn and live with animals.

They do not make me sick discussing the moral obligation to kill their kind.

HENRY W. PINKHAM.

Winthrop, Mass., March 25, 1920.

Without Ceasing

Without ceasing the Current of Life flows on and on in the life of men. No earthly power can stop it. It ever presses from the past through the present into the future. Weak, pigmy men strive to emulate King Canute who bade the tides of the ocean obey his will. They order the Current of Life to heed their command. But slowly and with mighty power it pushes onward.

Sometimes ignorant men seek to erect a dam across the Current of Life. It holds back for a time the ever rising waters. Slowly but inevitably they mount the height of the dam. They accumulate immense pressure. The impounded waters reach back into hidden and forgotten places. They rise higher and ever higher. Then the day dawns when their weight pushes aside every obstacle and the Current of Life rushes forward victorious to the Sea of the Future.

When will the children of men ever learn that the Current of Life bearing Freedom and Hope on its crest cannot be stopped. Movement and resultant change is the law of life. What is today will not be tomorrow. Customs, tradition, social institutions, economic conditions are plastic. They are being constantly changed by the Current of Life that flows through them.

We are different from our fathers not because we are made of different stuff but because we live in a different world. That which satisfied them cannot satisfy us. We think other thoughts because the Current of Life has brought to us new facts.

Order, progress, civilization depend upon men learning this basic law of life. We hunger for something different. We long for larger opportunity. We seek for new fields of adventure. This is the response of men to the Current of Life that flows through them. The Divine Life is urging them on.

The reason that our progress is so marked with pain and sorrow is because men will not learn that the Current of Life is the Power which they must work with and not against. With it we are irresistible. Against it we are weak and puny creatures.

Men learn by contact with one another. Our industrial and economic systems are a method of contact. Any system that forms barriers between men interrupts the flow of the Current of Life. The barrier may stand for a time but in the end it will surely be overthrown. The guild system gave way to the domestic system of industry. The domestic system gave way to the factory system. The day of the cooperative system is before us. The vital question of the hour is, shall it be ushered in by men who know and understand the law of life.

A static economic system is unthinkable. It is a part of life and life is always going forward. The great business of today is the preservation of order. This is not to be done by the erection of barriers against the Current of Life but by intelligently cooperating with it. If this is done we may go forward without paying the great cost that men have had to pay in the past as they advanced from the present into the future.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Fable

A man and his Death were walking along a rough path cut in the face of a steep cliff. At certain intervals they would stop and wrestle, and each sought to hurl the other over the edge of the chasm into the limitless depths of eternity. Both were strong. But, strangely, the man proved the better fighter, and, at a point where the road turned in its course and went off at an angle, he succeeded in pushing his Death so near to the edge that the spectre's balance tottered and he plunged down out of sight.

The man walked on alone, and after a time fell in with a joyous company, including Giety, Laughter and Intemperance, all of whom seemed to be going the same way. These companies greeted the man effusively. "We have heard of you," they said. "You have accomplished a miracle. You have slain your Death. Now you can live forever with us and eat and drink of the world's best. You will never die."

The man was astonished. When an opportunity offered, he went to the edge of the cliff and dropped quietly over.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

BREAD AND ROSES.

As we come marching, marching, in the beauty of the day,
A million darkened chimneys, a thousand mill lofts gray,
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people hear us singing, Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses.

As we come marching, marching, we battle too for men
For they are women's children and we mother them again,
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes,
Hearts starve as well as bodies, give us bread but—give us roses.

As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient song of bread,
Smart art and love and beauty their famished spirits knew,
Yet, it is bread we fight for but—we fight for roses too.

As we come marching, marching, we bring the greater days,
The rising of the women means the rising of the race;
No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil where one reposes,
But a sharing of life's glories, Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses.

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE.

That the Filipino people are in earnest in their demand for immediate independence is indicated by the coming to the United States of a second Philippine mission to work for independence. Coincident with this announcement the War Department received a cable from Manila stating that the all-Filipino Legislature had adopted resolutions reiterating its plea for immediate independence.

The second mission, like the first, is composed of the leading men of the islands and will work in the United States not only for immediate independence, but also to bring about "better understanding, greater confidence and closer economic relations between the United States and the Philippines."

The mission is again headed by Manuel L. Quezon, president of the Philippine Senate, who is well known in America, having been for six years resident commissioner to the United States. Mr. Quezon and the Hon. Sergio Osmena, speaker of the Philippine House of Representatives and vice-president of the Council of State, are the leaders of the Nacionalista party, which has been in power since 1907.

While Speaker Osmena is not so well known in the United States as Quezon, he is considered one of the ablest men in the islands. Senate President Quezon recently referred to Osmena as "the greatest Filipino since Rizal."

The personal relations between Osmena and Quezon are probably without a parallel in modern politics. They have been the leading political figures in the islands for twelve years, yet there has never been the slightest indication of rivalry between them. Throughout their college life, as well as their long political service, each has refused to be a candidate for any position that the other aspired to.

Quezon is described as probably the best example of a spectacular rise to power among the leaders of state. He was born and brought up in a village of 1,500 inhabitants in the most remote corner of the district from which he was elected to the Senate. A teacher from the United States, a graduate of Harvard University, induced him to learn English, which he speaks with correctness and fluency. During the years he was the Philippine delegate to the American Congress he won the esteem and confidence of both the Republican and Democratic sides of the chamber. Whenever he spoke he was assured of a good attendance. One of the official shorthand reporters once declared Quezon used the purest English of any member of the House.

Osmena, as president of the Nacionalista party, is the leader of the national movement for independence. "Osmena is the premier 'de facto' of the Philippines," said a leading journalist, now in America. "A very conscientious and tireless worker, thorough and persistent, a genius for grasping the big features as well as the smallest details of public affairs, cool headed, quiet by temperament and education, a deep thinker, an eloquent speaker, a polished writer, a keen observer of men—such is Osmena."

Both Osmena and Quezon have been consistent advocates of Philippine independence, yet when the occasion demanded it they have never hesitated to champion the cause of America's good intentions toward the Filipino people.

CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING.

There is a shortage of houses in Manchester, England, as well as in most of the other industrial centers. The workers are meeting the situation in a novel way. Trade unions in 16 cities are negotiating with the municipalities for the erection of houses, the contract to be taken direct by the unions from the city.

England needs a minimum of 500,000 houses at the present time. Manchester alone requires 20,000 immediately and will be able to use twice that number within a few years.

Landlords have been restricted by law as to the rentals that they may charge. Capitalists hesitate to invest in new enterprises where the returns are limited and the costs unlimited. Labor is scarce and has displayed a marked tendency to independent action.

In the face of these seemingly insurmountable difficulties the bricklayers of Manchester formed a bricklayers' guild committee upon which were included representatives of all of the chief trade unions whose labor would be required in the construction of houses. This guild committee then made a proposition to the city council for the erection of 2,000 houses. Although the committee had no financial resources, nevertheless as a composite body representing the building trade it was able to advance its democratic backing as its best security. The details of finance, expert advice and management have still to be completed, but the scheme itself promises success.

The building trade workers of Great Britain have lost their faith in the ability of capitalism to build houses for the people. They have taken the next step by reaching the determination that if houses are to be built the workers must build them. Since this is true in any case they have decided to assume the responsibility and take whatever advantages may be derived from the successful prosecution of the enterprise.

Scott Nearing.

The Federated Press.

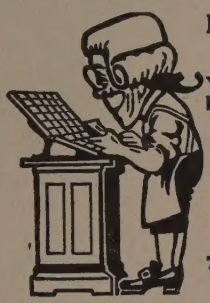
CHICAGO WOMAN'S PEACE PARTY.

Emergency Meeting to prepare for the Annual Meeting of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom to be held at Lincoln Centre, April 23 and 24.

Come for an hour and volunteer on your favorite committee. Who can give lodging to one delegate for two nights? To two delegates?

We meet in Room 803, Lakeview Building, from 12 to 1 next Saturday, April 10.

LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD.



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Women's International League for Peace and Freedom

SECTION FOR THE UNITED STATES

(Formerly Woman's Peace Party)

OBJECT:

To organize support for the resolutions passed at the Women's International Congress at the Hague in 1915 and in Zurich in 1919, and to support movements to further Peace, Internationalism and the Freedom of Women.

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Canada	India (British)	Sweden
Denmark	Ireland	Switzerland
Finland	Italy	United States

GENERAL OBJECTS:

To promote methods for the attainment of that peace between nations which is based on justice and good-will and to co-operate with women from other countries who are working for the same ends.

SPECIAL OBJECTS:

Those indicated by the Standing Committees and for immediate action to oppose universal compulsory military training; to oppose all invasions of Constitutional rights, free speech, free press and assembly and minority representation in legislative bodies; to oppose invasion of Mexico for purposes of war; to work to amend the League of Nations Covenant if it is ratified by the United States and if not so ratified, to secure a true Concert of Nations to substitute Law for War.

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All American women are urged to join this Section for U. S. A. of the Women's International League by use of the appended slip.

Date.....

I hereby enclose one dollar for membership in the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Section for U. S. A., for the year 1920.

Name..... Address.....

I also enclose $..... as contribution to the work of the organization.

I wish to help in the work of the following committee.....

Make checks payable to W.I.L.P.F., Section for U. S. A., and send to Eleanor Daggett Karsten, Exec. Sec'y, Room 1616, 33 W. 42d St., N. Y. C.